

have seen pass in the south in a post chaise between gendarmes. They recalled that famous scene with the emperor, "Comedian!" "Tragedian!" It was at least the hundredth time I had heard it recounted, that terrible scene, always with the same intonations, the same gestures, and that stereotype of family traditions that are bequeathed and remain puerile, local, like the stories of a convent.

It had never seemed so interesting. I listened with hypocritical sighs, with questions, and an affected air of interest, and all the time I was saying:

"Tomorrow morning, when they hear that the Pope is not dead, they will be so happy that they will not have the courage to scold me."

And so thinking, my eyes closed in spite of me, and I had visions of little boats painted blue, with Saone corners, dulled by the heat; and great legs of water spiders running in all directions and crossing the glassy water like flashes of diamonds.

#### "TRESE LADECOUR."

MARGUERITE MCPHEE.

Lucy came out of the low door of the rectory and stood for a moment on the steps of the veranda. Her eyes wandered from the bed of scarlet geraniums in the grass plot circled by the gravel driveway, to the mass of pink and white roses over by the fence. Then she ran down the steps and started to cross the lawn, but stopped, saying, "No, if I go to the rose garden, I will never get started, and Trese must be visited this morning."

As she turned, a little white ball under the big elm tree opposite caught her eye, and she called: "King George! King George! You lazy fellow, napping so early. Come here at once, sir!"

The white ball unwound, stretched slowly, and then came tumbling over the grass and fell in a heap at Lucy's feet. She bent down and gathered the silky mass in her arms, and as she rose with the dog vainly struggling to lick her face, her wide white hat slipped back and hung by the blue mull ties fastened under her chin.

The expression in Lucy's laughing eyes changed suddenly, as a voice from the house called, "Lucy, Lucy, my child."

She answered, "Yes, father, we're going," and, dropping the dog, tied her hat and went out the gate.

King George ran on in front, past the old brick church—almost buried in the ivy that ran over the walls and climbed to the top of the belfry—on down the village street to a long building with a porch across the front. When Lucy entered, the dog was standing before the counter, wagging his tail and looking up at a small man with a skull cap on the back of his head, who was sorting a pile of mail on a shelf behind the counter. He turned and said: "Morning, Miss Lucy. Lots of letters for the rectory this morning."

While Lucy put the letters in an oil-cloth case and fastened it to the dog's collar, Mr. Dewar continued, "Here's one for Madam Trese Ladecour. Will you take it?"

"Yes, indeed, I will, for I am going there this morning," Lucy said. "And its Nina's writing. Trese will be so pleased." Then to the dog, "Now, King George, straight home, sir."

As the dog tripped out, Mr. Dewar said, "I hope the letter tells she's coming home. It seems to me she's needed." But Lucy said, "Good morning," and he muttered disappointedly, as he turned to wait on another customer, "Some people never seem to see their duty."

When Lucy left the store she walked on a short distance and then turned down a side street.

On either side were small white-

washed cottages, with low, white fences in front. The paths leading from the street to the front doors were swept clean and trod hard as stone. A gay mass of marigolds, sweet-william, four o'clocks and verbenas filled the garden in front of each house. Occasionally through the open door Lucy caught a glimpse of a woman standing before an ironing board and heard the low chant of some French cradle song to the accompaniment of the clap, clap of the iron. Further down the street a group of children were playing some game, their shrill voices rising in a pretty cadence as they sang, "Chere Petite Marianna." When Lucy drew near they broke away and came running to meet her. Crowding around, they chattered away in a patois half French, half English, which Lucy answered in slow, correct school-room French.

Before a cottage at the end of the street she stopped, and the children scattered. There was no mass of color in this garden, but a bed of white geraniums rested the eye and the odor of mignonette filled the air. As Lucy stepped in, a woman in a pink print waist and black petticoat turned from the table she was scouring, and came forward with the scrubbing brush in her hand.

"Ah, Rosa," Lucy said. "You are being a good neighbor again. How is Trese this morning?"

The woman smiled, showing two rows of strong, white teeth.

"Good morning, Miss Lucy. Trese could not get up this morning, but to see you she will be glad. And then I will go home, for my baby will be awake."

She spoke in broken English, and, stepping across the kitchen, she opened the door into the bed room.

The room was long and narrow, and the bare white walls gave it a cold appearance. On the pillows of a high, old fashioned bed at one end of the room, lay an old woman. The stiff frill of a large, white cap stuck out around her wrinkled face. Her eyes were closed, and her long, thin fingers were slowly telling the beads of a rosary that lay on her bosom.

Rosa placed a chair by the bed and tip-toed from the room. Lucy waited on the threshold.

Madam Trese Ladecour did not belong to the class of French among whom she now lived. A foolish marriage, followed by many disappointments, had changed her circumstances; but she still clung to many of her early customs, one of which was always to address English people in their own tongue.

As Lucy waited the wind stirred the leaves of the morning glory trained up over the window, and Trese opened her eyes. Dropping the rosary, she started up, then fell back on the pillows. Lucy hurried forward. "See Trese," she said, "I have something that will make you well," and she held out the letter.

Trese grabbed it eagerly, turned it over and over and then, pressing it to her lips, handed it back to Lucy, whispering, "Read, please."

Lucy broke the seal, and, as she unfolded several closely written pages, a bill fell out on the quilt. She smiled, and picking it up, handed it to Trese, who barely glanced at it then, fixing her eyes on Lucy's face, motioned her to read.

The letter was bright and sympathetic, giving an account of the writer's life. Plenty of work, with an occasional frolic, to keep one from getting dull. Towards the end Lucy read, "Madam Bertrand gave me a little present the other day and I want my dear grandma to share it. Please buy yourself some little comforts, and remember your loving granddaughter, Nina Rivard."

When Lucy ceased, the room was very still. Trese's hands were clasped on the

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